leaking in languages

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*****
soplado por este espíritu tonto veréis que hablo (bueno,
balbuceo)
en lenguas,
en lenguas vivas y muertas,
bizcas y tuertas,
en lenguas-viñas y en lenguas-
huertas,
en lenguas antiguas y morenas,
en lenguas intersticiales,
y con una lengua enromada,
y de trapo,
con esta lengua de serpiente de carrusel

nombre y apellidos

Maialis[1]
ablativus[2]
nubigena[3]
umbraticus[4]
effigies[5]
languidulus[6]

Palaestricus[7]
aberratio[8]
lupa[9]
azymus[10]
zeroticus[11]
obliquus[12]
naufragium[13]

Baba[14]
lapsus[15]
antiquus[16]
spasmus[17]

[1] Gorrino castrado: este descojonado animal de bellota.
[2] Porque es el último caso, y dice, con otras cosas, la separación y la pérdida, de ahí su otro título, de "quitativo".
[3] Hijo de un nublado, centauro degenerado, mitad homenicaco, mitad asno silvestre
[4] *Umbraticus homo* decían, en propiedad, al hombre que busca sus habitaciones en la sombra, y, figuradamente, al que parece niño aún, y delicadísimo, y prefiere la molicie.
[5] Copia, representación. También, fantasma, espectro.
[6] Algo mustio.
[7] Criado en las pizarras.
[8] Desviación.
[9] Loba esquinera.
[10] Soy torta cenceña, sin levadura, y hago un gazpacho manchego estupendo.
[11] Cosa del cero.
[12] Vamos, torcido.
[13] Se han ido a pique todas las naves que traía, y me acompañaban.
[14] Eso que el *Diccionario de Autoridades* define como "humor pitiutoso excremental", y destila todas las especies de mi gana.
[15] Deslizamiento, equivocación por descuido.
[16] De finales del siglo XIX, o principios del XX.
[17] Hipo.

caducus[18]
obsoletus[19]

[18] Caedizo, y acabable.
[19] Sin uso, que no sirvo.

indecent exposure (1)

this is all,
of course,
a form of indecent exposure,
an obscene display of some of my person***s***:
I'm flasing my underwear,
showing you my most private parts,
breastfeeding this queer baby in a pub,
and it all must be getting,
I guess,
very upsetting to you

*****
Dark Matter might be,
they say,
made up of MACHOs ("Massive Compact Halo Objects"),
if not of WIMPs ("Weakly Interactive Massive Particles")
or SIMPs ("Strongly Interacting Massive Particles").

Astrophysics have got the initials of the acronyms right,
but not the words they are the first letters of. I
know better,
since I am myself that turbid pus in the marginalia of galaxies,
this Muddy
Amateurish
Corruptible
Hallucinating
Other,
this Whimsical
Idle
Malfunctioning
Pout,
this Silly
Imploding
Messy
Purr.

lost
and not found

(in almost perfect iambic pentameters)

I've lost my sway, my kind, the track of slime,
I've lost my tempo, count, my bearings, touch,
my elf, all trace of you, I've lost my fleet,
four or five buttons, ground, sight of the facts,
my bus of thought, my heart in Saint-Tropez,
I've lost, alas, the use of my left I

dal palazonio

non è possibile trovarlo in natura,
ma è stato osservato una,
due volte,
per caso,
nel Laboratorio di Fisica dell'Università di La Crosse, Wisconsin,
al di là dell'uranio,
il *palazonio*,
un elemento pesantissimo,
goffo,
uggioso,
numero atomico cento vint'uno,
ed ha pure, poveretto, il nucleo un po' instabile,
barcollante,
precario

address

You see,
I have never left La Crosse, Wisconsin.
There was that novel by Thomas Wolfe, *You*
can't
go
back
home
again.

In one thousand
and
one
ways
I'm stuck there,
at 2325 Madison Street,
burrowing inside that borrowed house we named Babel Tower,
in that school year,
1985/1986,
the Amity Year we (lost
boys
and girls)
wasted
in a Never-
Never-
Never-
Land
which we can now but miss,
and miss.

For I was merry
and gay
(and gay),

still
a-rowing,
(almost) happy.

That was the winter of our
(~~dis~~)content.

*****
Who was the girl, Steve? Who
was
what
girl?[20]

my guess, Miss Browning,
is
it must have been Ms. Lund,
from that other movie,
the very same girl that

[20] *To Have and Have Not.*

verbi irregolari

Ti sei accorta troppo tardi che non c'eri
più.

Hai perso (beata
te!)
l'orologio,
e la tramontana,
e l'annello di matrimonio,
ma anche (ahimè!) tutto quello que potevi da bambina.

Non sei ancora
successa.

Hai rotto il passo,
e le rigue,
e tutti i ponti.

Hai tradotto la pioggia,
e una vespa.

the mole

a confessional poet?, nah!, I would say, rather,
I'm a reporter, or, more accurately, a petty
snitch, telling
on
my
flaws,
squealing out

not exactly on the wild side

all my walks have been,
alas!,
on the mild,
bland
side

never hitch-hiked my way across an acronym,
like lucky Molly did,
or was, like Candy, everybody's darling in the backroom
(although I've lost my head, along with several other nondescript items),
gave
it
all
away
(no hustle),
and no go,
go,
go
either,
nah,
I've been slow,
stagnant,
at this game,
no jimmy dean,
but,
rather,
the orson welles of the border town,
dragging my fat ass,
my game
leg
along
(and yet I crashed)

no wonder the colored girls never go,
as I pass,
doo, doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo-doo-doo-dooooo

*****
“MIND THE GAP” says
who?
it is, probably, a *wendy*,
your would-be motherandwife, it is
a recorded
disembodied
voice,
the law’s,
this life’s
mean
echo

no no no no no, never
mind
the
gap,
step gently inside it,
or, if bold enough, jump
down
its wet,
slippery,
misty
cunt

*****

la vie,

c’est *un film urinoir*

stormy weather
(extended version)

run, run, let's get inside, quick,
for it's raining maps and pops,
gaps and bogs,
yellow cabs and trolls,
baobabs and flops,
japs and jackpots,
it's raining rags and gods,
cracks and mods,
naps and dons,
queen-mabs and flops,
cans and can'ts and don'ts

*****

(and yet it never rains but it *purrs*)

call me

call me irresponsibull unreliaball undependabell tell me
I'm unspeakabowl (unfathomabawl,
negligibill, chewa-
belle)

abbicì

avariato,
babau,
crepuscolare,
diffetoso,
estirpabile,
fluttuante,
giocherellone,
hapax legomenon,
inconiugabile,
juke-box,
kappa
oh,
ladro da poco,
mutante,
nebbioso,
oltremarino,
pazzoide,
qasar,
raganella,
soppresso,
tombarolo,
UFO,
veniale,
wolframio,
xeno,
yo-
yo,
ziggurat

abbicí della maridesa

sei stata
aurora,
bisbiglio,
cesura,
chiavetta,
deviazione,
estuario,
fata
morgana,
giocattolo,
humus,
ingresso,
jolly,
kermesse,
lavagna,
mimaridesa,
nascondino,
ondina,
pianetino,
quartiere,
riguardo,
soggiorno,
taccuino,
UFO,
vacanza,
wagon-lit,
yé-
yé,
Zeppelin

a room with a view

I've got an office-
of-
my-
own,
both here
and in Valencia,
and they serve me well,
but for the imperfect sceneries outside

in Valencia the plane trees
opposite
are as old as the block of flats,
27-
years-
tall,
and reach my window,
on the fourth floor,
blurring the ultra-catholic girls' school-yard
and the two perpendicular avenues beyond, Aragón
and Blasco Ibáñez,
all of which is all right,
I guess

here,
in Puebla de Farnals,
from the apartment on the 12th storey,
I can check the sun, the moon, some odd stars and planets,
as they climb over an ugly skyline of tallish noisy resorts, most
from the tacky seventies,
and look at bits
of sea
(at the sea
in pieces)
through the crevices between the buildings

you see,
I've always wanted a room
with a view,
a wild
northern,
Brittonic-,
or Gaelic-
speaking,
ocean
with a pigheaded tide flooding the beach, then
ebbing
off
it

what I do instead is make
do
with the pictures I hang on the wall, full of moods
and stories

shortages

alas, I was never given voice,
an ear
or an eye,
a hand,
your heart,
a leg
up,
some elbow room
or head

yeah,
it's sort of sad,
they woudn't even give me notice,
a warning,
some rope,
three guesses,
a trial run,
not once (may I complain?) have I been given a break,
a lift,
an inch,
carte blanche,
the all-clear,
the benefit of the doubt,
no
sir,
I've never been given enough room,
the run of the house,
never "a local habitation
and a name"[21],
a shame,
a shame

[21] William Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V, Scene I.

a croupier's ruminations

it is
indeed,
all this,
I know,
I know,
a lot of crap:
a shedding
and a casting
off,
a dubious crop,
the excremental waste this constipated,
hemorhoidal
creep
discharges from the bowels
(from the vowels?)
of its soul

umidezze dello spirito

difendeva Eraclito un'anima di umidità variabile:
secca, la reputa eccelente: come un lampo
evacua il corpo,
e colonizzarà (nella repubblica
idiota) quello di un filosofo,
di un dio

ma io soffro di cupidigia,
sbavicchio, ed ho, quindi, la psiche zuppa,
pesante,
catarrosa

*****
just look at me:
only half alive,
and barely ticking

a ghostly phrasal verb

(I)

*****

having first bestowed her with a rich
bootless
dowry
will I perhaps, like a jealous father,
give away my ghost to the grim
grinning
bridegroom
reluctantly?, nah,
I intend to lead my fat
gassy
daughter
to the altar with indifference, almost
content

*****

my ghost gave
out,
stopped in the middle of nowhere: I
tried to start it, floored the pedal, but it
just
coughed, cough,
cough

*****

the floor of my ghost is giving
way; so
is
its roof:
the next monsoon season will, I'm afraid, flood it

*****

at least,
said I to my failing ghost,
you'll be kind enough to give me notice before you vacate me, say
three weeks,
a couple of hours?,
you know,
so I can clean up a little

(II)

*****

I give out my ghosts as a schoolteacher hands out pencils, the godfather
cigars,
the underpaid, dressed-
as-
a-
cow
college student
brochures of the new burguer franchise at the corner

*****

won't you ghosts give me a break?, mind,
if you keep giving me hell I'll give you the boot,
and the bum's rush

*****

well, what I am doing here,
here,
is,
I reckon,

give up my ghosts,
hand over my custody of them to you

*****

and yet you can see I won't give up my ghosts for dead,
or lost:
yeah,
I've been giving my ghosts an ear,
and
an
eye,
my ~~un~~divided attention

*****

I have given
in
to my ghosts,
yielded to their silliest whims, tended
to all their fickle moods

*****

what's that you're all mumbling about,
haven't I given you, old
ghosts
of mine,
full
play?
don't you do,
and say,
and walk about the place,
as you please?

*****

I shouldn't have given you the run of the house, see
what you've done, all
that
wild
partying,
you've wrecked the place

*****

hey, will you ghosts give me a lift when this is all over, carry me gently
to nowherenowhereland?
or is it going to be a rough
lonely
ride?

*****

(I've noticed this,
lateley,
that some of my ghosts give me the cold shoulder,
which is quite understandable)

*****

I make sure the names of my ghosts come up in the credits of the home movies I film,
and edit

*****

beware, for I give
off
ghosts
like fart fumes, or gamma
rays

*****

you must have noticed,
I've maneuvered so as to give you ghosts a wide berth, see
if you can steer
past
my slow,
clumsy
ship

[in]famous last words

The newly dead grow careless,
unpolite: they belch
and fart,
as if the soul needed being ushered out,
chaperoned in smoke. Then
there's the male of the species: they
sometimes
get one last,
posthumous,
melancholy
boner,
parading like a decapitated duck,
making the virgin wailers blush
and come.

cl[--]-less

us pricks? we poor guys don't have a clue,
or a clit
(or a clam);
only
this silly club, out
of its depth,
beached on this weather-worn shore,
frothing at its toothless mouth, leaving
its slimy writing on the sand,
gasping
at
what

hey, buddy

Good mornin', hard-on; *bonjour,*
ânesse[22].
Some say it's a *he*: nah, it
is
an *it*.
And it still comes to say hi, in the wee
wee
hours,
all cocky, cock-a-doodle-doing, my spoiled
bitch,
barking,
growling,
asking to be pampered,
a silly bone thrown at my melancholy
macho
ego.

[22] A she-ass.

second
what

Not,
as Disneyish Peter misquoted,
and Star Treck Captain melancholically,
metapoetically repeated,
the “second star to the right,
and straight
on
till morning”.
If you want to enter my Never-
never-
never-
land
you must get in the second bar on the left,
and stay until after they close.

verbi regolari

(intransitivi)

tutte le mie navi **si sono arenate**,
sono caduto dall'albero,
e dalle nuvole,
ed in deliquio, molte volte
(fifone!),
sono scomparito dal mondo da trent'anni, e non mi trovano più

(transitivi)

ho assaggiato la vita, e la trovo
un po' dolciastra,
pesante,
ho disubbidito a tutti, e sai?, nessuno
mi ha conosciuto

*****
these are some of the domain extensions that sum up best,
I think,
what I am,
namely,
dot cunt,
and can't,
dot bum,
and mum,
and cum,
dot
what

indecent exposure (2)

(and yet this cannot be qualified exactly as indecent exposure: it is,

rather,
like this game we played as children,
I'll show you mine somewhat reluctantly,
only to see if you might then show me yours)

*****
almost 62,
and still,
not a thorough, out-
and-
out
man:
rather,
this feels like a croaking,
crooking,
cracking
little
boy

non-descript

when you pass by me I will seem to be,
you might think,
a non-descript guy,
neither here
nor there,
someone you would hardly notice,
indifferently perceived,
quite unremarkable,
difficult to recall

species (I)

homo cautus
et delicatus,
homo imperfectus,
irritabilis,
inurbanus,
agitatus,
intemperatus,

homo sinister et contaminatus, homo
corruptibilis
et degener,
homo accusabilis,
abominandus,

homo mediocris et indistinctus,
imperitus,
et opacus, homo
vagus,
glutinosus,
somniculosus,
arbitrarius

homo dualis et bifurcus,
homo abstrusus,
figuratus,
dissimulator,

homo exiguus,
debilis,
diruptus,
irreparabilis,
homo fatuus,
et disidiosus

homo
imperpetuus

homo melancholicus
et desolatus
et desertus
et orphanus

species (II)

Ego autem sum homo ramulosus,
atque multiplicabilis,
homo spumosus, turbidus,
homo raro, alienigenus, homo
falsificatus, homo subiunctivus,
homo difficillimus,
homo obliquus, homo
spasticus, temptabundus
atque haesitabundus,
homo indigestus, flaccus,
febriculosus et immedicabilis,
homo inutilis, semifactus, homo
rabidus et impatiens,
homo redundans, homo
speculabundus et imaginosus,
paluster et stellatus,
magicus, lunaticus, monstruosus,
homo idioticus atque imbecillus,
caducus, gemebundus, fastidiosus,
homo dolens, calamitosus, homo
incommodus, precarius, impeditus,
homo attonitus, atque attenuatus,
homo tremulus, et vertiginosus,
homo vacuus, fugiens,
erroneus, homo aleatorius,
homo putativus, absens, abnormis,
adolescens, tardiloquus, homo
reconditus, lucifugus,
autumnalis, tristiculus,
homo moribundus, atque exstinctus

"The I of It"[23]

For indeed what's the I, but an I no one has invited to tea,
an I, literally, without a tee,
or a tie,
or a toe

[23] Title of the last but one story in a. m. homes's collection *the safety of objects*.

*****
trick or treat, bic
or heat,
Rick
or teat

under-

underbred,
underdeveloped,
underdone,
still
underage,
an undercover operator,
the undersheriff in a maccheroni western,
your understudy

*****
used
up,
useless
and unusable

*****
this is what the *like* button in Facebook does,
and can,
remember when you were a little boy, a little
girl,
and said,
daddy, mom, look
what I've done,
did you see me jump in the pool,
ride my bike, the lame
babyish
wheels
off?,
then your pop,
your ma
would cheer and say,
yeah,
you've been so brave,
it's
also
Rick
toasting,
saying to Ilsa,
here's
lookin'
at
you,
kid

pèrdues

he perdut el sextant
i l'octant, he perdut
la brúixola, l'oremus,
i ma tramuntana de vista

vaig perdent oli,
el fil,
la son,
orina,
el plom,
el remuc,
el compte de les coses
i el tramvia,
també els papers,
el seny,
els mistos,
la camisa
i,
com el Crist i en Pere,
les espardenyes

he perdut, us deia, l'esme, els esperits, el plor
y la color,
he perdut,
en fi
(la vellea, tio Vicent, què mala es!),
les carns, dents
i queixals,
peu,
la xaveta,
la clau del cul
i totes les mans al pòquer de la vida

*****
all this is a scrapping
and a scraping,
a crapping
and a craving,
a raving
and a rapping on what doors

*****

yes, we
can’t,: geeouikant, jazz
(¡huy!),
cunt

a baby
what

a baby-boomer,
yeah,
but not just that,
there's more,
more,
I'm also, I guess, a baby-
booer,
and a baby-wooer, and a baby-
bummer

seniority report

I find, on a travel catalogue, that I'm
a senior; as a matter of fact,
I have been so for a year and a half

and yet there is this gap: I was never young,
or a man
proper:
it still feels like I'm a (slower) little boy,
a middle-
aged
awkward
teen

*****
e ci sono dei veicoli che mi sono simpatici,
e carini,
il Grande Nibbio di da Vinci, pilotato da un Zoroastro
allucinato,
i motocarri (l'*Ercole* della Guzzi, l'*Ape*
della Piaggio,
il *Lambrettino* della Innocenti,
il *Macchitrè* da Ermanno Bazzocchi),
i batiscafi,
il tramvia, sopra tutto
l'Isetta (vetturetta
a l'uovo)

*****

all men are created as a prequel of what freak show

*****
I still got a prick or two,
a BIC or two,
a tick or two,
a
tic
or
two,
up
my
ass

*****
I'd give,
indeed,
an eye for an I,
an A for a fay,
or a lay,
an E for some tea,
an O for a show,
a U
for a gnu,
or the loo

inutilizzabile

mi hanno diagnosticato (il giudizio, clinico
e penale
e religioso, è
inappellabile)
come disutile,
disadatto,
inidoneo per il mondo

*****

I was the hurried, and harried afterthought of a bored, inadequate
God

*****

by now he could only look back,
so he did,
and saw he had just been an extra in some B-movie he didn't even know the plot of:
he considered the part he would occasionally replay in theaters and on TV: saw
he wore a suit,
was reading a paper,
sitting on a park bench,
while *gli innamorati* trotted by, silly
and giddy
with joy

he
then
passed
on
(or,
rather,
off),
mercifully ignoring that his 5-seconds circus would be cut during post-production

dubious gifts

I was given the boot,
the slip,
a blank look
and a lukewarm reception,
an incivil answer to an incivil question
and enough rope that I would hang myself

trasmigrazioni

sono stato
bava,
torbiera,
mulettu,
fango,
rana (ma non, ahimè,
principe),
lucertola,
fico,
angelo
crollato,
pioggerella,
scimmia,
battello,
pinguino,
strega,
storielle

the vowels mundunugu

so you're an *eye* doctor out there, huh?, here's
lookin'
at
you,
kid,
well,
in this carrollian sick
bay
I run
there's
also
a *knee* healer, that is, an *e*-doc, or *e*-
doc.*cum*,
and an *A*, stupendous physician, and an
oh sitter (a *no*
minder),
an *I*
quack
who ministers to infirm, under-
the-
weather
egos,
and there's,
of course,
this
you
wet
nurse
I crave
too

*****
She was
a slut
in a slit-skirt: a slot-
machine
guys would put their dimes in,
see if they might get their lucky cherry tonight.

alice groupie

jump down the mad rabbit hole,
and through the mirror,
follow
Alice
up
to
a
point,
drink from any bottles offered, eat
a little cake
and see what tricks your body will do,
let the poor Dodo tell you, stammering,
some
odd
stories,
take you up to his wonderful rooms,
un-
dress you,
take sick pictures of you,
and get giddy thinking (but he will never dare to) of touching you
there,
chop off the Queen's head,
learn from the Cheshire Cat to grin at all this (at all
that),
and to be, not "master",
but,
rather,
the mistress of language, and not its subject,
from Humpty Dumpty,
but don't come
up
for air
or tea,

and,
above all,
mistrust the clumsy White Knight who would
melancholically
help you grow up
and out of your
and his dream,
play
on

new kid in Marvel High

Yo,
I'm the new kid in Marvel
High,
and,
because I can do this
and that,
I've got all these nicknames,
Super-
ette
Man,
and Nickel, or Copper Man,
Quag-Man,
and Bedbug,
or Lady-
bug
Man,
Cunt-
Man

bastarduccio

preferisco
bastarde
la vela,
la viola,
le parole,
sopra tutto la scrittura

cum, or

cum: the paramours' offal, the abyssal debris love's
ebb
tide
leaves
on the beach,
the littered feathers of fucking angels

*****
Alas!, I'm still not quite
off
the hook,
or the clock

a disaster area

impacted by several unnatural catastrophes my psyche has been declared a disaster area:

Dead Cross ambulances blare up and down its broken avenues,

the Intelligence Offices have gone dumb,

the Memory Quarter lies under the rubble of its collapsed buildings,

and the *Urszene* has emerged in the middle of it in all its grossness,

lenomdupère roams its alleys,

and all I'm left with is a split *I*,

a crippled *Superego*,

and a raving,

frothing

Id

smarrito

cercava di inoltrarsi
nell'altro,
e,
di là,
disorizzontarsi,
e perdersi

*****

(but mind you, all my self-portraits are elf-portraits are shell-portraits are alka-seltzer-portraits)

these other first people

now
if *Anal*
and *If*
had been the ones in the beginning,
messing up things,
that would have been a different kettle of fish,
and horses might have been, indeed, blue

what'sinaname?

"O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

William Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, II, II

oh,
Rome,
[my] E
[minus
mellow-
drama
student]:
[I] owe [U]

oh,
row (as in row
my
boat,
boy,
ahoy!),
miaow

O (stands for, or,
rather,
rolls about as a portrait of the world,
and the Globe Theatre,
and nothingness,
and,
so,
my cunt as a stage),
roe
[deer,
or dear],
me,
oh

what sort of bloke

I guess I'm not a people person;
still less, a guys
guy: I'm
more
of a little things fella

per sèquia,
o cèquia

el passat
ès
cagalló
que baixa
destroçant-
se
per les sequioles de la memòria

*****
I am also, basically, can't you see?, one
of the un-dead,
zombieing it across the footage of this cheap camp movie

pushing
up
what

if you ever go visit the pit they drop me
in
you'll see that I won't be pushing up daisies,
but Granny's bonnets,
and Saint John's
worts,
and sneezeweed,
and lady's slippers,
and twin spurs,
and lunaria
and mammillaria,
and bachelor's buttons,
and Jacob's ladders, and stars
of Bethlehem,
and poppies,
and forget-me-nots, and touch-
me-
nots
(noli-
me-
tangere)

the *it*'s awkward visitations

it (*das*
Id)
usually comes unsolicited,
without an appointment,
like a boner to a teen boy

*****
“Deus
sou
eu”[24],
e dois
ou três
ou quatro pneus carecas

[24] Fernando Pessoa, *Livro do desassossego*, 54 (1914?).

the *late* Mr. or Mrs. What

"As for my late unlucky father, J. Herzog…"[25]

It is said, of someone who has passed away recently, "the *late* Mrs. Robinson",
or "my *late* husband",
as if they were coming "after due,
usual
or proper time"[26],
or,
rather,
if we look into the bog out of which the word has grown,
as if the dead were somewhat slow,
sluggish[27],
and indeed my pretty ones are never punctual,
and look worn out,
weary,
quite out of patience

[25] Saul Bellow, *Herzog*.
[26] Webster's Seventh New College Dictionary.
[27] Online Etymology Dictionary.

il pupillo crollato

tutto lo darò indietro, ipotizzavo,
a babbomorto,
ma il paparino non c'è
più,
l'eredità non basta,
ed io mi dichiaro (sarà
con dolo?)
fallito,
bancarottiere

*****
so it is also, of course, don't you see?, *pop* art,
since daddy comes up (*pops*
up!)
here
and
there
all the time,
opening up new gaps

son of which

en esta otra novela familiar me acojo a la autoridad incontestable de mamá,
que corrigió a la doctora Insa en su última consulta, yo
no tengo cuatro hijos, tengo
cuatro hijos de puta,
I
am,
therefore,
a sonofabitch,
but also, I guess, the son of an itch,
the son of a fix and a mix,
the son of a tic
and a bic,
the son of two ticks,
the son of one Rick,
the son of a jinx,
the son of a witch

*****

guardate con sospetto quest'omuncolo amorfo,
balbuziente, chino, dannato, evacuabile,
floscio, giocherellone, handicappato, iónico,
juke-box, kitsch, lacunoso, marginale, nottambulo,
ossidato, placebo, quattrino, revocabile,
scostumato, tremendo, ululone, verdastro,
wampum, x, yoyo, zinc

uncertain tenses

you silly grammarians think you have it all figured out,
and yet in this case here you have blundered:
the past can never be simple,
or perfect

*****
oh
my,
I'm running,
or,
rather,
creeping
on empty,
with no gas stations on the map

*****
it is thinning out steadily, watch!: it's the wear
and tear
of the self, life,
and the world,
eating
away
at
it,
its fabric
already
showing:
anyone can see quite easily through it

il mio sole diletto

fra i corpi celesti, quant'è carino
l'asteroide:
il suo suffisso lo diminuisce: è,
quasi
(non è, esattamente),
una stella:
mi piace anche l'altra voce che usiamo per salutarlo,
pianetino: nemmeno
lui,
poveretto!,
ha l'aria di essere un pianeta calzato
e vestito,
ma
uno
nano

UFO sightings

I'm a Sighing Double-Crosser,
an Untoward Fading Orangutan,
an Unemployable Farting Ogre,
an Unaccommodated Fretting Oldie,
an Unlisted Fuzzying Outlaw,
an Unworldly Flickering Omission,
an Unattended Flirting Oddness

*****
funny, isn't it, that we all seem to have been happier
elsewhere,
with some other set of friends

“*orizzontarsi*”

si buscas el Norte te sujetas a la aguja que dice la Estrella Polar; orientarse
vale,
cuadradamente,
guiarse por el chiquero del Sol; yo
prefiero la voz que usan los italianos,
“*orizzontarsi*”,
porque te permite marear todo esto mirando cualquiera de los puntos donde se termina el mundo,
según

in imitation of Taliesin

I've been
before
(I guess I must have been this,
and this,
seeing what I've become)
a Gershwin tune,
a cloth bag of odd buttons,
a moor in North Wales,
a back door, a gas lamp,
Queen Guinevere's boudoir,
a white 65' Dauphine,
a Saturnian moon,
scum,
a clothesline,
a minor key,
a solecism
and a stutter,
an old tram,
a sidewalk,
a blackboard,
this Parker pen,
a rooftop,
a car-boot sale,
a ravine, a novelette,
a silly footnote,
a second thought,
this small boat chugging away

the Rat Pack

to have been one of the rats
of their pack,
hang out with Sinatra, Dean Martin,
Sammy
Davis
Jr.,
Peter Lawford,
be on that stage at the Sands Hotel & Casino in the Las Vegas Strip,
a glass of bourbon in one hand, a cigarette
burning from my lower lip,
sing some mellow song and tap
dance
and joke
and fuck around, backstage,
with some groupie,
wink
life
away,
have as pets Marilyn, Angie, Shirley (Maclaine, not
Temple),
all
that
jazz,
and
yet
who am I kiddin',
the sad truth is I'm just this (godless)
church
mouse

*****
wish I'd been on the road with the Highwaymen,
with Johnny Cash,
with Waylon Jennings,
with Willie Nelson,
with Kris Kristofferson, wish
I'd played in Little Rock, Arkansas,
in Denver, Colorado,
in Fresno,
California,
shared with them some macho
jokes,
smoked grass,
gone a-
whoring,
drunk
rye
bourbon,
been
an outlaw,
and wanted
(wanted!),
if only I could have been a cowboy,
so bad that an angel would fancy me,
born
upon
a tide
and saying,
okay,
the bastards hang me in the spring of '25,
and so what,
I am still around,
and around,
and I'll be back
again,
and again, and again, and again, and again

ninnoletti

e tutto questo, cos'è?, roba
di scarto,
aggeggini
e gingillini,
trastulli,
bazzecole,
baloccucci:
ma è così che le voglio, coserelle
di poco conto,
che apposta non servono, tranne
che per giocare

beatling about

in Jane's bedroom, at her parents' place,
at 57 Wimpole Street,
in Marylebone,
London (they didn't have their own place yet),
washed up on the shore of her little girl's toys
and dolls, her teen
debris,
Paul dreamed himself up inside a tale
told,
not by an ancient mariner,
but by a 1966 idiot, a psychodelic Pop-
eye,
living "a life of ease" "in a yellow submarine",
with his pals "aboard", or just
"next door",
"a happy place", that's
all
it
was,
yet
the other side of the record (a double A)
tells about Eleanor Rigby
and Father McKenzie
("ah
look
at all the lonely people"),
and here "nobody
came",
"no
one
was
saved"

(not nearly) all about Jean Seberg

not easy, was it, to be born, and grow up
in Iowa,
and then to become the muse of *la nouvelle vague*,
with your *à la garçonne* haircut
and your beauty spots,
and play the part of *la Pucelle d'Orléans*, and then
of Cécile, that sulky, melancholy-
hailing
teen, the spoiled daughter of David Niven,
and then of Patricia Franchini (but she
hates her name,
would rather be called, well, of course, one
could only expect it,
Ingrid), a New Yorker
in Paris,
and be paired off with Belmondo, mon co-
co, tu aimes
mieux
mes yeux,
ma bouche
ou mes épaules?,
she wants to know,
and the thug doesn't say, asks her leave, in that Hôtel de Suède room,
to pee in your washbasin,
and will choose nothingness
over all
that
jazz,

to have the FBI fake a letter of some gossipy made-
up
girl-
friend
of yours,
saying she had run into you,
and she told me the child she was heavy
with
“belonged to [X~~xxx Xxxxxx~~] of the Black Panthers”,
“the dear girl is getting
around!”,
she said,
so that you began also to try and fade
out,
and did,
after several attempts,
wrapping yourself in a blanket,
in the back of your Renault,
parked a few blocks away from your apartment in Paris,
in the 16th arrondissement

Run,
Rabbit,
run

Run,
Rabbit,
run,
this second time,
run on, and
off
all this,
thirty years,
and four novels,
and how many cars, that first one, the ’55 Ford,
and then several Toyotas from the lot,
and ninety pounds,
and a collapsing heart,
and a world which gets emptying itself of all your pretty ones,
your little baby-daughter,
and the teen heroin-whore, and her pimp,
your dad
and your mom,
a lover,
three addresses,
a last basketball game in some courtyard in the neighborhood,
and many golf putts and pars,
a declining God,
presidents dead and denounced,
a ghost daughter,
a lot of cheating,
with Ruth,
with Thelma,
with Pru, your daughter-in-law,

but not to the condo in Florida,
where they can easily find you, you
silly
old
boy,
run north,
or west

spazzature di ciò che fummo c'era una volta

abbiamo,
vestigiali (non ci servono
più),
i muscoli orripilatori, i peli
folleto,
i tubercoli di Darwin,
l'appendice vermiforme,
il coccige, moncherino
de la coda,
l'ombelico (ma non vedi che la mamma
non c'è?);
le ali, fantastiche,
e malinconique;
abbiamo
rudimentale
lo spirito

large (imaginary?) friends

there were, from my school days (they are
still
around),
Arrando,
and Pajuelo: both
were
big
(now
they're
huge)

then
there
was
you,
in La Crosse:
a giant:
a whale
of
a
guy,
gobbling up those about you like plankton,
a red star (a black
hole,
and I fell
down
it
like a silly
Alice)

Arrando,
Pajuelo,
Megevand:
see?,

most
(not all, there's that Smurf,
the one they call Dabbler,
I love)
of my closests
(closet?)
pals
tower
over
me,
also my two favourite cousins, el Gelo,
miprimoeduardito, also
Robert Mitchum,
and Burt Lancaster,
two of my early gods from the movies

perhaps this is because I was the oldest sibling, and had
no
big
brother
that I could copy-
rat

fred astaire *and* ginger rogers

tuesday night, and
again
on TV
fredastaireandgingerrogers would sing some Cole Porter
or Gershwin
duet,
tap-dance around their faked romance,
and I thought one played love
in black
and white,
to a mellow,
mushy
tune

illegal dumping

PORT OF CORK
ILLEGAL DUMPING IS PROHIBITED
CCTV IN OPERATION
IF YOU CAN SEE THIS SIGN
WE CAN SEE YOU & YOUR ACTIONS ARE BEING RECORDED
PROSECUTION WILL FOLLOW

all this dumping of silly words (the debris
of my life),
then,
is being watched (dream
on!),
and will be prosecuted

vivicchiare,
o vivucchiare

aggiungono il suffisso “-ichiare” al verbo, e,
così,
lo rimpiccioliscono,
li levano autorevolezza, ma anche
lo vezzeggiano,
e diventa carino,
grazioso

non è quello che succede quando diciamo canticchiare,
dormicchiare,
o sonnechiare,
rosicchiare,
bevicchiare?

vi sembrerete,
chissà,
fantasticheria,
ma lasciateme che mi tolga il capriccio,
e fabbrichi questa parola
nuova,
vivicchiare,
o vivucchiare,
affinché mi serva

perché, sapete?, io
non vivo, esattamente:
sarebbe più accurato sostenere che vivicchio (meglio,
vivucchio): passo (non devo dire,
‘conduco’)
una vita inoperosa,
leggera,
sottovoce, a tratti, tra mé
e mé,
distrattamente,
senza impegno d’arte, una vita

piccina,
molle,
inattendibile

uncollected

there'll be, when I'm done
and gone,
a huge pile of rubbish, the remains
of my silly toying,
the left-overs of my fancy,
a doggie-
bag
with some of the vagaries that miscarried me

three random calls

Como si hubiese destapado la botella con genio dentro de las mil y una noches
gano,
en este otro sueño,
la gracia de hacer tres llamadas al azar
(con ellas adelgazarían, quizás, mis soledades).

La primera vez nadie contesta.

La segunda hablo con el papá y no caemos, ni él
ni yo,
en la cuenta
sin vuelta
de su muerte.

La tercera importa, me parece, menos, ni cabe
con las otras.
Contestó una mujer desde el otro lado del mundo,
en Hiroshima (¡monamour!),
de madrugada,
protestando,
quitándose las legañas de los ojos.
Se cortó luego la comunicación,
y me devolvió ella, entonces, la llamada,
y yo, corrido por haberla importunado a esas horas,
inventé una equivocación,
pregunté si vivía ahí algún Martín
(usando el nombre de uno que fue mi mejor amigo),
¿quién?,
no,
no,
huy,
lo siento muchísimo,
dije,
y colgué
(la nerviosa conversación sucedió en japonés).

*****
Glenn Miller keeps calling Pennsylvania 6-5000,
Pennsylvania 6-5000,
Pennsylvania 6-5000,
Pennsylvania six
five
o
o
o,
he calls from inside the fog where he got lost,
but the line is always busy,
or it is now,
perhaps,
a dead number

con preghiera di inoltrare (1)

tutto questo (tutto quello
che scrivo)
lo recapito a un'indirizzo dove non ci sei più,
con preghiera di inoltrare

con preghiera di inoltrare (2)

Calipso messe la lettera nellla busta, scrive, Ulisse
Laertiade,
54601, Palazzo Reale, Itaca,
aggiunge,
sotto,
“con preghiera di inoltrare”,
la imbuca nella cassetta: oggi
è sabato,
la navicella postale passa mercoledì

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